Roxbury, April 12, 1878.

Dear Fanny:

Last evening, about twenty minutes before 9 o'clock, our neighbor, Rev. Dr. Putnam, passed from this earthly sphere, thus ending all his bodily infirmities, which, for some months past, have been pressing upon him more and more heavily. It is a good deliverance for him, although it will prove a sorrowful bereavement to his children, especially to Annie and Carrie. Perhaps you may feel like sending a sympathetic note to one or the other, remembering the kind and tender words spoken by the Doctor at your mother's funeral. The obsequies will probably take place Sunday afternoon in his meeting-house.

I am not quite through with sitting to Miss Whitney for my bust. I have given her nearly twenty in all; and as she is aiming to make a striking counterfeit presentment, and as I heartily wish her success, I shall cheerfully continue to sit until she cries "Hold! enough!" Probably not more than two or three additional sittings will be needed.

To-morrow forenoon I am to give an hour's talk on some of the salient features of the anti-slavery struggle, to a ladies' club connected with the Parker Fraternity Church, and in a private parlor.

Wednesday evening I went with Frank to the Boston theatre, to see the opera of "Mignon," in which Madame Rōzer, Miss Carey, and Miss Kellogg took the prominent parts. They all sung very sweetly and effectively, and were greatly applauded. The

house was crowded to its utmost capacity in every part. Still, it is seldom I should care to hear an opera with the best singers.

Yesterday (Fast Day) was a rainy, gloomy day. In the afternoon Frank and I called upon the Thayers in Clifford street, and spent an hour very agreeably. Caroline is always a good talker, and her historical information is most extensive. Ellie observed the day by having one of her worst headaches. May Randall is again with her by invitation, with reference to entertaining the children during little Willie's illness, though it amounts to very little, the doctor pronouncing it only a case of scarlet rash, and not of scarlet fever. There is little or no danger to be apprehended from it, I believe. To-morrow William and Ellie are going to Osterville to spend Sunday in their cottage.

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I have spent an evening with Daniel and Lucy Thaxter since their return. His cold is somewhat better. She expressed herself much pleased with her visit, and gratefully appreciates all that you and Harry did to make it agreeable.

Connie Nowell has completed an excellent oil portrait of Agnes, with her long flowing hair. It will be offered to the Ark Club for exhibition.

From your last letter it appears that "the die is cast," and that you are all to be off for Europe next month. Of course, it is not for me to make any remonstrance, but I cannot help sighing at the thought — not for your sake, but for my own. I shall expect to hear from you in a day or two, as to the time you intend visiting us with the children, and with Harry too, if he can possibly spare the time. Perhaps I may conclude to reciprocate your visit. In the meantime, and always, I remain,

Your loving Father.